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to the dullest of his pupils, where sympathy is most needed. He finds what a child likes, and can do, and leads on and up, and builds away, by what they call the doctrine of apperception, from the known to the new and unknown. He does not take the ignorance of pupils too seriously, but regards much of it as a matter of course and smiles over it; he expects a modicum of inertia, of restlessness, of slowness to learn. He does not represent learning as a dreadful, difficult and impossible task, as the preachers of righteousness have too often exhibited the way of virtue. But he holds the way of wisdom to be good and beautiful and practicable, and behaves as if he thought so himself. This is good pedagogy. It is the only successful method of overcoming moral evil. The law is clear and simple. You overcome evil with good and with nothing else."

ROBERT A. HOLLAND.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

The writer has not the least intention of writing a review of Chesterton's latest effusion for two simple reasons: the one, that he refuses to read the book through, the other, that he is not more than superficially interested in George Bernard Shaw. Chesterton's paradoxes — or to be Chestertonian — Chesterton's unparadoxical style is deserving of earnest attention when it is occupied with serious stuff, but to track out the intricacies of his paragraphs merely for the sake of a criticism of G. B. S. and his plays is more than the writer cares to do. It is best to leave to Mr. Shaw himself all critical comment upon this last exhibition of literary pyrotechnics, and, as a matter of fact, he has reviewed the book in question most delightfully. To the outsider, to one who sits up in the gallery and watches the literary gymnastics of these trapeze experts, there is but one possible opinion. Apart from their philosophical — if one may use so prosaic a word for their flights — rightness or wrongness, they seem to be delighting themselves and an ever amusable public with literary brainstorms. It is the old, old story of people enjoying nothing quite so much as being told something

old in a new and spirited way; and when that new way is as lucid and keen and sparkling as Pommery sec, why then it is simply a question of turning out copy quick enough. The writer is, without doubt, laying himself open to the charge of endeavoring to be facetious — perhaps he is; and yet, in dealing with such a book as G. K. S. on G. B. S., it is almost impossible to be anything else. Of course, there is a vast amount of matter profoundly interesting and deeply suggestive in Chesterton's writings. He is a profounder diagnostician than is commonly found in the Medical profession or any other profession, and, after all, whether it be in Medicine or Literature or Philosophy, the great need of the day is diagnosis. Someone has said that the best things ever written by Chesterton have been his deliverances upon Shaw. Perhaps this is so. In the book before us he hits many a nail not germane to the subject upon the head under the pretence of nailing the author of *You Never Can Tell*; and yet we doubt whether, in this book, the world has been in any way benefited. Someone will here cry out, "Your lack of humor is humorous. You have no right to take Chesterton seriously," but that is exactly what we are endeavoring not to do. Is G. B. S. to be taken seriously, and does Chesterton do so? Let who can, deliver a dogmatic reply to that. Was Hamlet mad? We decline to commit ourselves these upon problems. Some people cannot keep themselves from brilliant writing just as Apollinaris cannot keep itself from effervescing — one is tempted to become serious and say that Shaw's aphorisms and paradoxes are the result of no greater depth than that from which the bubbles rise in carbonated water.

Now when Chesterton lets loose the vials of his wit upon such a man as this, two things are to be expected: a display of unprecedented spirit, and a criticism limited only by the length and width of the English language. That is exactly what we have in this book. In it we have put before us with stupendous impudence a two-hundred-and-fifty-page essay upon the text, "I am the only person who understands Shaw." He is paradoxically shown to be a puritan and a progressive, an insurgent and a conservative, a critic of "the ringing and arresting sort,"

a dramatist who had resolved "to build a play not on pathos but on bathos," a philosopher who has never seen the world in which he lives. If the reader is interested in Shaw, the book will thrill him; if he is not interested in Shaw, it will amuse him immensely; if he is an ordinary individual he will be very much mystified and, before he is half way through, will wonder where he is at.

THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN. By Hugh de Selincourt. New York: John Lane Company.

The things that happened to furnish material for this beautiful story of Mr. de Selincourt, were that a wealthy American fell in love with an English woman of thirty-three years, married her and left her a widow at the end of a fortnight, possessed of a fortune which she desired so to use that it might bring happiness to others about her. In telling how these things happened, Mr. de Selincourt has woven apparently trivial incidents into a wholesome story, pleasantly told, and the book is in delightful contrast to the average modern novel, in the total absence of any effort to shock the conventional views of moral questions.

THE MENTAL MAN: AN OUTLINE OF THE FUNDAMENTALS OF PSYCHOLOGY. By Gustav Gottlieb Wenzlaff, M.A., President of the State Normal School, Springfield, South Dakota. New York: Charles E. Merrill Co.

Another addition to the numerous text-books on Psychology. A pleasantly written and readable book, in which the author has marshalled an array of facts, drawn in large part from recent investigations. The importance of mental pathology in psychology is fully recognized. The treatment is concrete, abounding in illustrations. Unfortunately the work is marred at times by looseness and slovenliness of style. The following examples of infelicitous expression may be quoted: "Although great expectation from psychology should not be aroused, lest the impatient student of the science turn away in disappointment because of its meagre positive results, we yet